

MARVEL®
16th July 88

THE REAL

Nº938p

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GHSTBUSTERS™





We've got a real haunted houseful for you this week! Join us, and find strange happenings in an old folks' home, strange creatures in Egon's lab and strange beings in Wyoming! **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** issue nine, an altogether strange experience, crammed with spooks, spectres, balls of ectoslime and even a vampire thrown in for good measure!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS: The fab four of New York! Four guys destined for fame, fortune and phantasmal frenzy!

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Cover by **DOUGIE BRAITHWAITE** and **DAVE ELLIOTT**
 Editor **RICHARD STARKINGS** Assistant Editor **HELEN STONE**
 Spiritual Guide **DAN ABNETT**

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



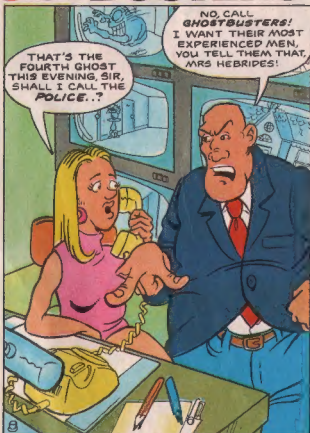
JANINE
MELNITZ



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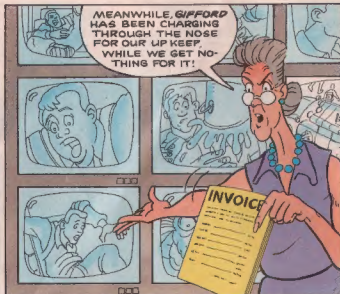


**OLD
GHOSTS'
HOME**









THE TRANSFORMERS

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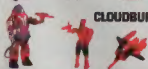
INSIDE!

PRETENDERS DECEPTICON®

WAVERIDER



CLOUDBURST



LANDMINE



MODE 1

THE SHELL
SPLITS OPEN TO
REVEAL A
ROBOT....

MODE 2

THE
TRANSFORMER
ROBOT BECOMES
A VEHICLE.....

MODE 3

SHELL
RE-ASSEMBLES
TO PRODUCE AN
ACTION FIGURE.

SKULLGRIN



BOMB-BURST



SUBMARAUDE



SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

UFO's

Apart from Ghost Stories, one subject that regularly excites people in general is that of Flying Saucers. Experts have long considered a possible link between Flying Saucers and the Supernatural.

The most comprehensive investigation of this link was made a few years ago by the American scholar, Derek von Heinekan, in a book called *Alien Monster Ghosts from Beyond Space*. I read through this work with interest, and discovered several intriguing things: von Heinekan asserts that these UFOs (Unidentified Flying Objects) are the ICMs (Interplanetary Conveyance Modules) of ESLs (Extraterrestrial Spirit Lifeforms). These ESLs are also known as BEM's (Bug Eyed Monsters) and Von Heinekan assures us that many UFOlogists (UFO experts) have enough evidence to prove they exist.

OK, I thought, FBM (Fine By Me), and I examined von Heinekan's NEE (Non-terrestrial Ectoplasmic Evidence).

The first case was that of a Californian called Raymond G. Mushbank. In 1977, Mushbank was lying on a beach in Santa Barbara, when he was overcome by a terrible blinding sensation and felt himself being lifted by some tractor-beam into a vast and shimmering ICM. When Mushbank regained consciousness, he was alone and covered with a strange, sticky residue like slime. Von Heinekan tells us



PART 9

that it is clear from this that the ESL's were using power based on Ectoplasm and therefore were of a SPN (Supernatural Paranormal or Non-corporeal) nature.

The second case was of Wing Commander Diego Estevez, a pilot in the Peruvian Airforce. Whilst flying a patrol over Bolivia at thirty thousand feet during good visibility, he noticed a transparent, wavy blur in the sky above him and to the right. Despite executing a series of daring dives and rolls, he found he could not lose the ICM, which maintained its position at his shoulder effortlessly. Von Heinekan says that this see-through craft was obviously an MDT (Multi-Dimensional Transporter) that was in a state of PIDM (Partial Inter-Dimensional Materialisation). The final case was the VSE (Very Strange Encounter) that von Heinekan had with an ICM himself. He woke up one night

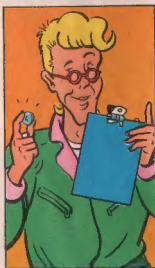
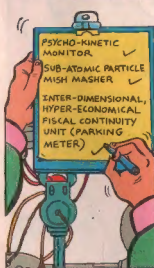
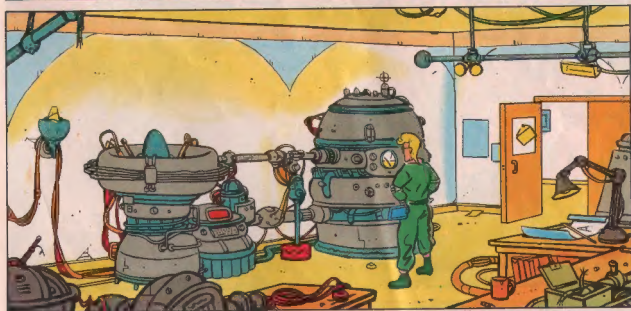
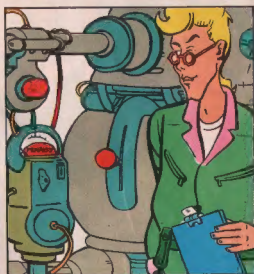
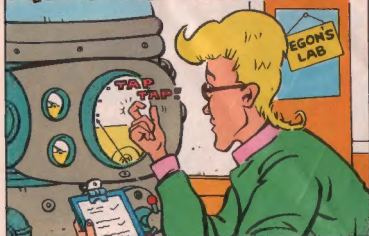
to find a ghostly figure hovering over his bed and beckoning to him. This, he said, was the PDM (Pan Dimensional Manifestation) of an ESL. Von Heinekan said the figure then spoke to him, saying "Derek. You are the one true god. You shall lead you people into a new age where everybody must where snorkals and espadrills, and the TV shall show nothing but repeats of *Star Trek* and *Space 1999*." Von Heinekan said this was proof of the HAI (Highly Advanced Intellect) of all ESL's.

Having read his book thoroughly, I find I must make a few suggestions as to alternative interpretations of the cases described.

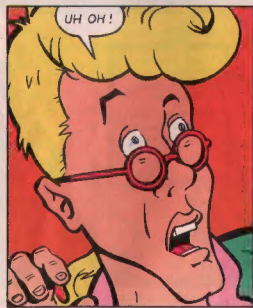
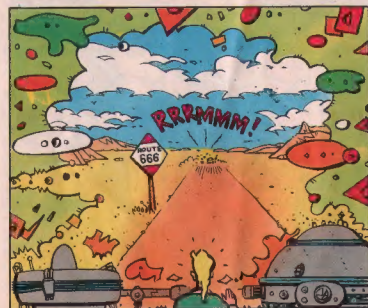
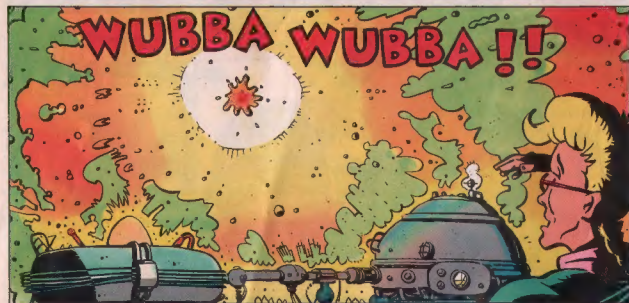
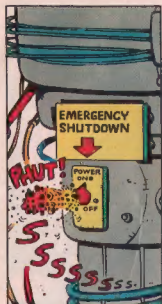
With regards the first case, I think it far more likely that Mushbank experienced a major SIH (Sun Induced Hallucination) due to LOB (Lying On Beach) for too long. I maintain the ectoplasmic residue was probably STL (Sun Tan Lotion). Wing Commander Estevez undoubtedly witnessed the rare phenomenon of an FOHS (Fingerprint On His Sunglasses) and ought to be TootA (Thrown Out Of The Airforce). In the case of von Heinekan's own VSE, I believe his sighting of an ESL was caused by TMRFB (Too Much Rich Food Before Bedtime) and is just the sort of conclusive proof every SSW (Serious Scientist Worldwide) has been waiting for: evidence that shows von Heinekan is a CUF (Complete and Utter Fruitcake).

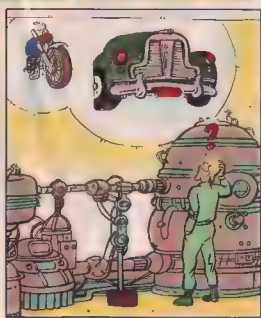
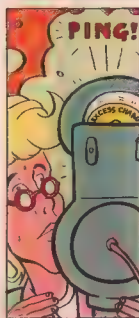
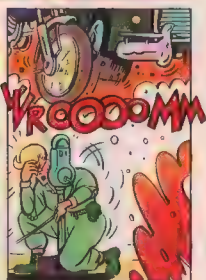
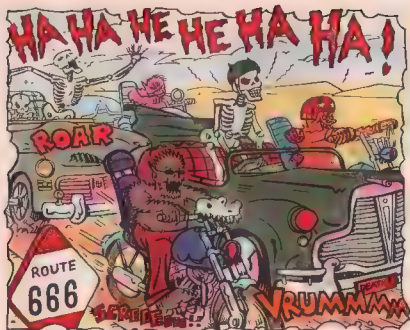
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

EGON'S NEW INVENTION!



Story JOHN CARNELL ◉ Art and Lettering PHIL ELLIOTT ◉ Colouring STUART PLACE





SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What is a monster's favourite football team?
Slitherpool!

— Philip Keen, Dyfed

What ride at the fair does Slimer like most?
The Rollerghoster!

— Michael Beech, Devon

Why did The Real Ghostbusters ask Slimer to join their football team?

Because they needed more team spirit!

— Christopher Randall, Middlesbrough

Why doesn't anyone like Dracula?

Because he's a pain in the neck!

— Michael Savva, Grays

What is Slimer's favourite fairground ride?

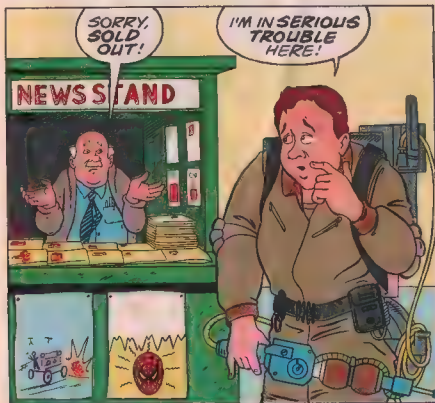
The Ghost Train!

— Nicola Mills, Darlington

Why did the little ghost measure himself against the wall?

Because he wanted to see if he had gruesome!

— Ben Wiseman, West Bromwich



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GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi there! Here's another chance for you to call Ghostbusters and find out all you ever wanted to know about spooks, spectres and nasty pools of slime!

Dear Peter . . .

Will you be coming to England to do some ghostbusting? We are sure there is a ghost in our bedroom who messes it up and makes our mum angry.
Darren and Lindsey Byrne, Derbyshire

It's a long way to England from our HQ in New York, but it certainly would be a change of scenery for us. I think we'll have to work on that one!

You are really wicked the way you treat Slimer. Poor little thing, I think he is the most utterly fab, brill, cute, kind, excellent, ace, nice . . . get it? Slimer is NICE!
— Kirsti Read, Kent

Gee, well there is no accounting for taste!

I think **The Real Ghostbusters** is brill and fab, but why haven't you mentioned anything about the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man?
— Jason Collier, Surrey

Mmmmm, Mr Stay-Puft! As far as I'm concerned, that heap of goey, sugary, sickly gunk is history, although who knows, he may well be planning his revenge even as I speak!

Why aren't your proton packs powered by electricity or batteries?
— Maurice Forsythe, N. Ireland

Good question, Maurice. Egon designed the proton packs to be powered by nuclear energy because despite popular advertising, I'd never trust any batteries to last long enough to bust a ghost and there'd be chaos if we had to find a power point or had to avoid tripping over lengths of cable.

I wonder if Slimer is related to my dog Charlie because he eats anything and slobbers on everyone.
— Melanie Brice, Leyton

That sounds very familiar, maybe he could be a relative. Is he green?

Why isn't Winston a Doctor?
— Mark Oliver, Belfast

Ray, Egon and I worked together before we formed Ghostbusters as research scientists, and were all Doctors. Winston joined the team after we'd left the University.

I've got three questions about Slimer.

1. What's his favourite food?
 2. What does he do in his spare time?
 3. Is he a mega-star?
- Ewan Bryce, Grangemouth**

Slimey questions, Ewan. 1. Slimer is not exactly a discerning connoisseur. If it's edible, he'll eat it! 2. Eat! 3. No, he's a mega-gut!

What will the guys do once all the ghosts have been busted, and do you think Egon will ever realise that Janine has got a crush on him?
— Paul Toner, Glasgow

I doubt that there will ever come a time when there are no ghosts left to bust. If it did happen, I think we'd all retire gracefully, and I'd write my autobiography. Secondly, even if Janine went down on bended knee and proposed to Egon, I doubt he'd realise how she feels about him. There's just no getting through to some people.

Please could you tell all of us keen readers why you never mention Dana Barrett? We all know how crazy you were about her!
— Christopher Tiler, Barnsley

Ahh! Dana, sweet Dana! What do you mean 'were', I still AM crazy about her. Dana does occasionally get a mention, but I'm a professional and don't like to mix business with pleasure! What's so funny, guys?

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN CARNELL Art DOUGIE BRAITHWAITE and DAVE ELLIOTT

Tuesday 7th June 1988

It was late – Stantz and I had just finished watching an old horror movie on TV. Egon was still in his lab trying to get his radio-cassette to pick up music from outer space, and Peter had gone out on what was bound to be a hoax call, concerning a vampire.

So far it had been a quiet day. Then Peter rang.

He claimed to have found the resting place of a vampire, in an old church just off 4th and Maine.

Stantz was ecstatic, "A vampire! A real live Vampire!" He couldn't wait to go and bust it.

We arrived twenty minutes later at the old church, which was right in the middle of the



spookiest graveyard I'd ever seen! It was ancient! Mist crawled between the cracked and moss-covered gravestones, while the moon cast long shadows through the trees. It was a scene straight out of the movie we'd been watching. We crept towards the church, keeping our eyes open for Peter, who was probably hiding bravely somewhere. The mist seemed to wrap around our legs as we walked, and for the first time since I'd been busting, I was scared. Even the wide-eyed Stantz seemed less enthusiastic as we approached the large, iron-studded oak door of the church. We were treading on consecrated ground!

We set our ion cannons buzzing like bees about to sting, and slowly pushed open the creaking, cobweb-covered door.

Dust billowed up – then settled... and there was silence.

Suddenly there was a fiendish scream behind us, and two mad hands, one on each of our shoulders, grabbed us tight.

We screamed back and spun round firing. It was a good job we missed, or else Peter, false fangs, cloak and all, would have been frazzled!

"I want to bite your neck!" laughed Peter, looking like something from the **Rocky Horror Picture Show**.

So it was all a hoax, this time played by Peter.

Although we did find an empty coffin in the church, we figured it was just another joke, and went home to bed.

At four-thirty the same morning, we got another call. The same as before. A report of a vampire downtown, this time from an old lady who said he'd tried to raid her fridge, and then changed into a bat and flown out of her window, towards the graveyard.

So off I went, alone, to check out that coffin, in the old church, in a spooky downtown graveyard.

I'd just lifted the lid of the coffin, and was staring down into the layer of soil sprinkled inside, when I heard a polite cough behind me.

"Was it me dat you were looking for?" Asked a vampire, a real, live (well, dead), vampire!

I held my cannon out towards the fiend, and switched on, ready for action.

"Don't shoot!" He said in a quiet voice. 'I can't stand de sight of blood!'

Well I could tell this was no *ordinary* vampire... he was wearing a suit and looked more like a businessman than a blood-sucking monster from beyond the grave. In fact, the only thing that gave him away were his teeth – long, pointed, fangs that glinted in the moonlight when he smiled.

"I'm sorry... I don't think we've been introduced," He smiled. "My name is Baron Dracula, one of de infamous family of vampires from Transylvania."



I shook his ice-cold hand, as he apologised for the poor state of his residence.

"I can't afford vun of dose nice apartments across de road... money's a bit tight at de moment."

Well, things carried on nicely and it turned out that we got on like a church on fire. So we went for a *bite* to eat across the road at the all-nighter.

It was there he told me the astounding truth about himself – he was a vegetarian! Even his deadly fangs were false (after all, he was nearly two hundred years old.) He explained that, since he'd got older and longer in the tooth, he didn't need to drink blood anymore. "Anyway, I've hated trying to drink de blood of young girls, all dat creeping around in graveyards is such unbecoming behaviour for a Baron!"

He said that he now preferred to feed on cows' milk, and that the cows didn't seem to mind him draining them of a few pints, and occasionally he raided people's fridges, "Just for the hell of it!"

After he'd finished explaining, I didn't know what to do with him. I couldn't bust him, I couldn't even get cross with him, let alone put a stake through his heart. But I knew that it would have been bad for the Ghostbusters' reputation to have a vampire, vegetarian or not, roaming the streets, turn-

ing into a bat and generally being weird. It was then that I had an idea. ... I told him that I wouldn't bust him – if he agreed to pack up his coffin and go back to Transylvania, and not come back.

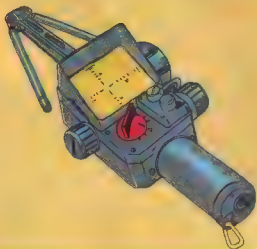
"I was thinking of going back home anyway," he agreed. "New York is such a noisy place... and so dirty, why, since I've been here, I haven't stopped coffin!"

Well that was that, and the next night I was passing through the same neighbourhood and saw a large wooden crate being loaded onto the back of a lorry, outside the old church. The crate was just about the right size for a fully grown man to lie down in, and was covered in destination stickers marked VLADSVILLE... TRANSYLVANIA. It looked like Dracula was on the move. Suddenly the crate lid opened, and a thin white hand appeared clutching an empty milk bottle with a note stuck in the top. I took it, the lid banged shut, and the lorry sped off into the night.

Eagerly I unrolled the scrap of paper. ... it read: NO MILK TODAY, THANK YOU!

Boy, that Dracula was one of the weirdest suckers I'd ever met!





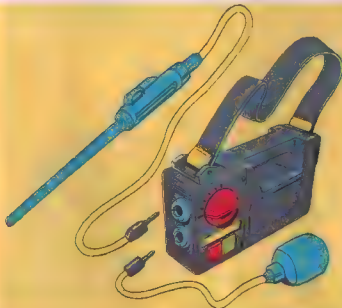
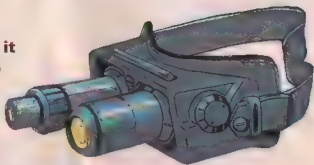
PKE METER

PKE stands for Psycho-Kinetic Energy. The PKE Meter is used to detect the PKE left behind or generated by ghosts.

SPECTRO- VISOR

With the aid of the Spectro-visor, it is possible to see invisible ghosts and auras not visible with the naked eye.

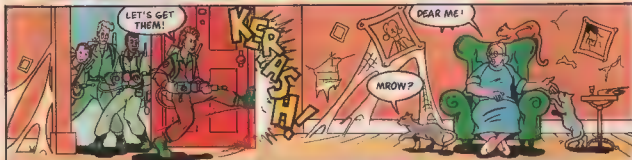
Behind the lenses lie an image-intensifying mechanism which operates on infra-red and ectoplasm sensitive wavelengths.



GHOST DETECTOR

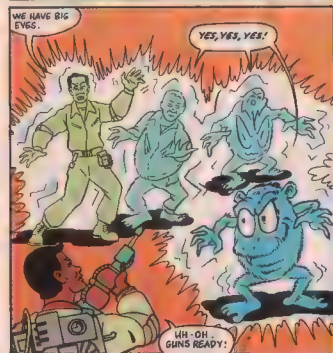
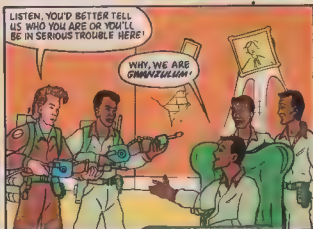
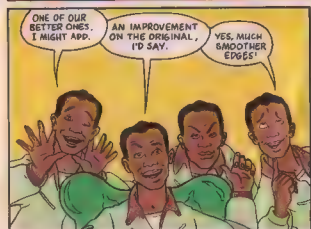
Also known as the *sniffer*, the Ghost Detector extracts samples of air from a possibly haunted locale and then analyses it for the presence of any free-floating ectoplasm.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

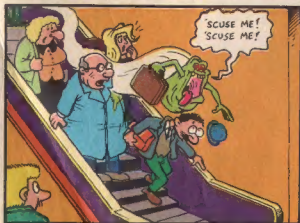


Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and TIM PERKINS Lettering BAMBOS Colouring STUART BARTLETT











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